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Eye, Ear, Nose

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Promotes and restores the hair. Cures itching scalp. Restores color to the hair. Keeps it soft and healthy.

HINDERCORNS.

ALL SORTS OF TROUBLES.

A List That Will Be Good Enough To Tell One More Complete Than Any.

The trouble with a good many men is that they spend so much time admiring their own ability that they don't let other people have a chance to see that they have any ability to admire.

The trouble with a good many women is that they can't find some particular selected man, who will appreciate them as they feel in their palpitating hearts that every woman should be appreciated.

The trouble with a good many girls is that they don't find out what they have had the sad conclusion forced upon them that what they want doesn't want them.

The trouble with a good many boys is that they think the red grapes that grow on a neighbor's vine, and that have to be picked after dark, are a good deal sweeter and better than the ripe black grapes that grow on their own vines, and can be gathered in the bright sunlight of public life.

The trouble with a great many readers is that they don't understand how much easier it is to point out a fault in a magnificent landscape than it is to paint the magnificent landscape itself.

The trouble with most of the horse-car conductors is that they haven't eyes enough in the back of their heads to satisfy the public.

The trouble with a good many of the school-teachers is that the present school year is divided, wrong instead of being forty weeks school and two weeks vacation, they think it should be forty weeks vacation and two weeks school.

The trouble with a good many of the boys is that they don't have any children of the vacation every year, with an additional week on leap year.

The trouble with most of the people in this misguided world is that they waste so much time thinking of their own and enterprises that they don't have leisure to see how laudable and useful your little schemes are.

The trouble with the small boy is that his big sister never was a small boy herself, and so she doesn't know how the small boy feels.

The trouble with the small girl is that she isn't bigger.

The trouble with the big girl is that every pair of scales she steps on gives her a weight.

The trouble with the purist in grammar is that people will persist in thinking that things themselves are more important than how you say them.

The trouble with lots of cats is that they don't get enough dreamless sleep moonlight nights.

The trouble with milliners is that the women folks don't get so enthusiastic over their bills as they do over their bonnets.

The trouble with the average wife is that her husband is more prodigal with his pretensions of affection than he is with his money and that he doesn't waste much of either unless he wants a button sewed on.

The trouble with the average husband is that he knows he isn't so big a man as he wants the world to think he is.

The trouble with the people generally is that they can't always have what they want, and they seldom think they want what they have; that they see their own virtues and other people's vices with a magnifying glass, and turned the telescope the wrong end to when they look at their own vices and other people's virtues; that they grumble when things go wrong instead of going to work to make things go right; that they cry over spilled milk when in all probability the milk has all the water that it can stand already. — *Somerville Journal.*

TARANTULA KILLERS.

A Monster Wasp Which Annihilates the Monster Species of Spider.

"I have recently read some very interesting original stories about animal life," said a gentleman to a reporter, "and," he continued, "as they are all local or California stories I want to add to the number. My business calls me into the country a good deal, and as I am a passionate lover of nature, with its myriads of forms of animal life, I am sure to entertain myself by taking observations. One day while up in Calaveras County I was traveling through a rocky section and was rather hard pressed for some thing to entertain me. I finally reached a little glen, wheeled my horse about and got under a magnificent shade-tree. Then I dismounted and sat down to take a rest.

"Scarcely had I touched the grass when I was entertained beyond all expectation by witnessing a bloody battle between wasps and a tarantula. I called them wasps, though in reality they were not such, being much larger and heavier about the body, which was held together in two separate parts by a scarcely visible coupling. Their war seemed even smaller than the common wasp, and they swung themselves about on the coupling with lightning-like dexterity.

"The insects seemed to be very much excited about something and acted as if looking for prey. It may be that hunger made them furious. Any way I slowly watched their actions and soon discovered the cause of their rage. A large tarantula crept from under a dry log and apparently started for his house with all possible speed. The wasps, as I will call them, had been dashing themselves in all directions about the log but the moment the insects saw their victim, they fell upon him furiously with quick darts, and every dart seemed to eject a poison which made the tarantula writhe in agony. The latter fights like a bear, resting on his haunches and using his paws and legs as weapons of defense.

"The tarantula fought for his life, and while doing so seemed to be conscious that at all hazards he must make for his house as the only hope of safety. The wasps seemed by in-

AT A RATTLER'S MERCY.

Remarkable Escape of a Child from Being Bitten by a Snake.

As it might be of some interest to your many readers, I will relate an exciting adventure with a rattlesnake. I live near a large swamp of the Calcasieu river in Louisiana, and in July and August of each year the swamp is generally dry and has a large growth of whortleberries. Last season there has been a large crop of them, and about the last of July my wife and little boy two years old went with me to the swamp to gather some berries for candying and to make pies. When we arrived at the skirt of the lowland my wife placed our little boy at the root of a very large beach tree, as we did not intend to be but a few steps distant from him while engaged in picking berries. In a short time my wife's attention was attracted to the child by a slight noise, which none but an ever watchful mother would have noticed. She returned rapidly to the tree where she had left the little fellow. As soon as she saw the position of the child she did not scream, although it required a powerful effort not to do so. She quietly beckoned to me to approach, which I did rapidly. When I arrived I was horror-stricken. My nerves for a moment were so agitated that it was with difficulty I could keep on my feet. I soon recalled, however, and took the situation at a glance. It seems that near where the child was sitting a large root of the tree was decayed and had an open place on the top of the root, very near and at the right of the child. This decayed place was a den of rattlesnakes. One had crawled out of the root and just in front of the child and around it. Its tail was just out of the aperture in the root and its head was against the tree to the left of the child, and had him in its coils. The child was in a position of great peril, and I saw that he was in danger of being bitten. I saw that he was in danger of being bitten. I saw that he was in danger of being bitten.

"I made particular inquiries concerning the habits of the monster wasps and learned from some of the old settlers that the vicious insects were 'regular tarantula-killers' and that scarcely one had ever survived their murderous onslaughts." — *San Francisco Examiner.*

BREAD IN NORMANDY.

How the Staff of Life is Made in the Country Districts of France.

One summer's day we stopped to call at the stone farm house of Monsieur Duval. E. Nestine, the eldest daughter, was housekeeper in her dead mother's place, and she it was who brought out the amber-colored cider, the goat's cheese and the heavy, hard country bread. It is an essential of French peasant hospitality to offer these things to visitors.

The loaf she took from the shelf was one of half a dozen leaning against the black wall. These loaves resembled loaf with a small hole baked in the purpose. Nothing less than this, as a peasant's outcast, could serve that homely but wholesome *pain raisin*.

These loaves, we knew, were baked only once a month. Bread day in a Norman peasant family is like washing day on an American farm, in the respect that it comes at regular periods. We judged by the bread in this cottage was approaching from the fact that only six loaves remained of the original thirty or thereabout.

After our luncheon Ernestine took us through the orchard to a picturesque stone building, where the bread was to be made. This building had once been part of an ancient abbey, and amid its ivy-covered ruins we could still trace fine sculpture and bits of armorial designs, but inside there was no trace of art or architecture. It was really a Norman hen-house. We saw several pairs of sabots or wooden shoes hanging from the wall and looking as if they had been white-washed.

In one corner of the place was a large space enclosed with boards. This was empty, but, like the sabots, it suggested whitewash or mortar making.

Ernestine told us that this was the family dough trough. Hither, once a month, came her father and the bread man to 'beat' the yeast-ferment. Flour and water were stirred together with the huge wooden spades shaped like our snow shovels which hung with the sabots upon the wall. When the mass, thoroughly beaten together, had risen and assumed a dark color and leathery consistency, then came the tug of war. The two men put on the sabots over their ordinary shoes, jumped upon the dough, and began the kneading. Their way was to hop, prance and flourish like opera dancers, to stamp and kick like horses exerting themselves till the perspiration streamed off them and they had no strength left. After this process the dough was put into the pails and then baked in huge ovens at the rear of the abbatial hen-house.

In all Norman towns half-clad men may often be seen lounging about bake-house doors. Their legs and feet are bare and floury, and as they tread the streets we know they have just come from one of their returning to their usual occupation of kneading bread.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Ernestine when we told her that in America bread-making was woman's work. "Mon Dieu! how cruel you men are! I would rather shoe horses!" — *Epoch.*

Rare Old Wood-Carvings.

The large hall of the Rathaus at Norderburg, on the Lake of Constance, possesses some of the most beautiful wood-carvings, both of figures and panels, on the ceilings and walls, which have come down to us from the Middle Ages.

The artist was not known, but for a long time he has been supposed to have been Jörg Syrlin, of whom there are other works in South Germany. But quite lately, in making some alterations about the town library a deed was found setting out all the particulars of the contract between the town council and Master Jakob Ruess for the decoration of the hall with wood-carvings of panels and figures. From the date of the document, it is clear that the work was carried out subsequent to the year 1480. Jakob Ruess is the artist who executed the magnificent carvings of the high altar of the Cathedral at Coire. — *N. Y. Post.*

Her Name Was Pearl.

At Graceville the other day one of the boys, who always uses three lines and a half to register his name, was anxious to find out the name of a new waitress who had been employed at the house since he was there. She came up to the table to get his order and, leaning over, he said:

"What shall we call you?"

"Pearl, sir," was the modest reply. "Are you the pearl of great price?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the quick rejoinder. "I am one of the pearls cast before swine."

He finished his dinner in silence and overlooked dessert entirely. — *St. Paul Globe.*

WOMEN IN AUSTRIA.

The Female Laborers of Hungary and the Danube Provinces.

About the worst thing I remember seeing in Austria, however, was a woman literally harnessed to a cart. One often met big work-logs on the roads of Austria, tugging in harness; but I never happened to meet but one woman actually harnessed up on the road. The woman, a sturdy peasant of about thirty-five summers, was laboring heavily along with a load of firewood, dragging while her husband strolled alongside, smoking the inevitable long-stemmed pipe. A piece of rope was attached to one of the shafts, and whenever a hill or particularly rough spot was encountered, the man would considerably pull on the string. When they reached smooth level ground again, he would toss the rope over the "horses" shoulder, and watched this interesting pair for some distance to find out whether they attracted unusual attention from other people. N. hee seemed to take any notice of them from which I inferred that the sight was nothing uncommon in that country. A soldier, who would have brought far and fathers, and a sharp-edged fence-rail into requisition in very short order in the United States, was regarded in Austria as the most matter-of-fact thing in the world.

Haymaking was going on in those smiling Danubian meadows, and I saw the women not merely tossing and raking the hay, but swinging the scythe right merrily, side by side with husband, brother and father. No gentle or courteous consideration was anywhere shown to the women, no favors in the shape of easier or pleasanter tasks allotted to them. If there was any part of the work more like dull, grinding drudgery, more destitute of interest, than any other, women and men were doing it.

On the big dual estates of Hungary I saw scenes that eclipsed, if possible, even those of Austria. Hungary is a land of large estates and peasant-serfs, rather than of small proprietors, scattered singly and parts of great holdings, one sees them in large numbers working under the supervision of overseers. Nothing reminded me so much of the brutal oppression of the peonage days of slavery in the Southern States than these long files of Hungarian peasant women passing through the fields with clumsy hoes. Every woman was harnessed and wore a dress that scarcely descended to the knees, so as to allow the free use of limbs for getting in the work. As they went slowly across the fields, some times as many as a hundred in a row, with two or three male overseers watching the line from a few paces at the rear, the heavy hoes rising and falling, without intermission, at every forward stride, it was difficult to imagine them any thing else than gangs of white slaves. They were free enough, however, as freedom goes in these countries, and were probably earning twelve cents a day each.

Sometimes, when more than a couple of hundred yards from the road, feminine curiosity would overcome all sense of decency, and the long files of hoe-women would break ranks and come helter-skelter across the field with merry shouts to get a closer view of the bicycle. The overseer would call angrily for them to come back; but not until they had satisfied their legitimate trait of female character, curiosity, would they heed their voices.

It is upon the women rather than the men that the burden of Europe's monster armies falls so grievously. Between the husband and brother, who are away playing soldier, and the wife and daughter, who are staying at home doing their own and the men's work, the burden of the war is not hard to choose. It is bad enough to do compulsory military service; but there are redeeming features even in that. The real hardship of the arrangement fall heaviest on the women. It is the women toiling in the fields like cattle, day after day, who pay for the millions of bread-bakers, the Krupp guns, the uniforms and the commissary supplies. It was the peasant women of France who paid the big German indemnity in 1872.

In the Orient the conditions of female life among the poorer classes are in some respects better, but in others worse, than they are in the countries spoken of. The people of the East never hurt themselves by overwork under any consideration. The woman is not called upon to provide the bone and sinew of every extra-laborious occupation, as they are in Germany and Austria, for the pressure and exertions of military life are less exacting. But on the other hand, woman is not to be regarded more in the nature of goods and chattels belonging to that lordly lazar, the unspeakable Oriental, than as an independent and responsible being. — *Thomas Stevens, in N. Y. Sun.*

Crushed by a Cook Lady.

A lady who lives in one of the suburbs went last week to procure a cook, and at the intelligence office where she applied was presented to a young woman in gorgeous array, who it was supposed, would meet her requirements. The splendidly-dressed cook-lady said she had lived in the suburb in question, liked it much, and was willing to give up the luxury of her presence to return to it. The references of the would-be employer seemed not unsatisfactory, and all was apparently going smoothly when the lady asked: "Where do you live?"

"We have taken Mr. Blank's house on Blank street," was the reply. An instant change came over the face of the questioner, a world of lofty consideration filling her look and her speech as she returned: "O, that is a very nice little establishment, but I think you had better look for another girl; I am accustomed to no such style that you could keep up in so small a place." And she moved away with stately mien and a dignified front of silken robes and jet fringes, leaving the unfortunate mistress of the "nice little establishment" crushed and speechless. — *Doston Letter.*

—To pay the expenses of the city of New York it costs \$5,125 an hour.

Life of Cast-Iron Pipes.

The wear by rust in uncoated cast-iron pipes exposed to the action of clean, fresh water on both sides is not more than one-eighth of an inch in three generations. With the present method of protecting such pipes with asphaltum, the life of the ordinary pipe is increased to such an extent that it is sufficient to add at least a score or two of years to its durability.

The life of a soil pipe, even when quite this and uncoated, has been found by two experiments to be so great that it is unreasonable to suppose that the greasy matter contained in sewage serves to coat and protect the iron from the corrosive action of the water and the acid components of the sewage. The defects and leakages more generally met with in such pipes are caused by a defective manner in which the joints are made, and improper placing and securing. — *Boston Budget.*

A Scientific Problem.

The very interesting scientific fact is given on the authority of the "Advancement of Science," that when people are sick above the diaphragm they are optimistic, but when they are sick below the diaphragm they are pessimistic. It is a very valuable information and a most suggestive discovery.

When a man insists on being cheerful, however, you can account for it and pity him; his disease has got the upper hand of his diaphragm, and there are only two things to be done—either turn him over discreetly so that his diaphragm will show above his legs, or injure him about the legs until his pessimistic virtues are aroused. It is one of the curious features of the case, going to prove the theory that gouty people are pessimists while consumptives are always happy. Science, for some strange reason, declines to define the temperament of the man who has no ailments above or below the diaphragm. Perhaps he is not acquainted with him. — *Hartford Courant.*

The papers of the City of Mexico are again agitating the question of free printing paper, or at least demand a considerable reduction in the present importation duties on that article. It has been clearly shown that the duty on importation duties are such a burden as to make the publishing business unprofitable in Mexico, and to entirely deprive the masses of the people of cheap literature.

A woman of Jersey City, N. J., recently brought home a strange egg as the souvenir of a trip, and placed it on the parlor table. One week after she was surprised to see a little turtle break the shell of the egg and slowly crawl out. The heat of the room had hatched it.

Cashmere and lace cloth represent favorite fabrics for small girls' winter dresses.

Reamy Improved

MONITOR -- MILL -- DOG.

(SEE CUT OF DOG)

Our Iron Cistern Top needs no comment. It has to be used to appreciate it. Call and examine it.

Leather, Rubber and Cosh Belting, Rubber Hose, Etc., kept in Stock.

CORN MILLS

AND FLOUR MILL

MACHINERY.

Repair Work, Both Iron and Wood a Specialty.

We have in Stock on our Lumber Yard all Kinds of Rough Lumber such as Boxing, Flooring, Framing Lumber and Boards. Estimates on work in our line made promptly. We guarantee our work and solicit a portion of the trade.

Respectfully,
Metcalfe Manufacturing Co.

NOW IS THE TIME

To Get Furniture Cheap,

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

NO. 18, NINTH STREET.

Best Grades of Goods at Lowest Figures.

Call and Give Me a Trial.

W. A. GOSSETT.

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria

Centaur Liniment is the most wonderful Pain-Curer

the world has ever known.

A Great Opportunity.

A limited number of young men will be received as students at the

EVANSVILLE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

For the term ending May 31, 1888, the following conditions: The term will consist of 10 weeks from time of entering with the privilege of attending day and night sessions. The total cost for tuition, books, stationery and board for the term will be \$15.00. The college will furnish a room and board for the term.

Book-keeping, Penmanship, Business Mathematics (wonderful short method), Correspondence, Real Estate, Foreign, Actual Business, or in a word

Splendid, Complete Business Course.

Satisfaction guaranteed to every energetic, wide-awake student young man. Our system of teaching makes study a delight. We want to double our numbers for 1888, as it is the 25th year of our existence as a Commercial School. Apply without delay; first come first served.

S. N. CURRIER, Principal,
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Metcalfe Manufacturing Co.,

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HANGERS.

WROUGHT IRON FENCING.

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WIRE AND SLAT FENCE

TO

65 Cents Per Rod.

CALL -- AND -- EXAMINE -- IT.

OUR PURIFYING PUMPS

STAND WITHOUT A RIVAL, AN INSPECTION WILL CONVINCE YOU.

Tobacco Raisers Will Save Money By Buying Our

Anti-Ratchett Press.

No Blocks Used. Will Prize Two Hogsheads at a Time. Call and Examine This Novel Press.

Reamy Improved

MONITOR -- MILL -- DOG.

(SEE CUT OF DOG)

Our Iron Cistern Top needs no comment. It has to be used to appreciate it. Call and examine it.

Leather, Rubber and Cosh Belting, Rubber Hose, Etc., kept in Stock.

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MACHINERY.

Repair Work, Both Iron and Wood a Specialty.

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S. N. CURRIER, Principal,
Evansville, Indiana

Huntington Steamship Line

NEWPORT NEWS AND LIVERPOOL, —

—

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1888.

W. A. WILGUS, Editor and Proprietor.
T. E. BARTLEY, Associate Editor.

The total amount of interest paid Secretary of State, Adams, from January 1, 1886, to January 1, 1887, on bonds issued by the State, is \$316,831.

Speaker Carlisle and Mrs. Carlisle visited Fort Monroe, Va., Monday, and were received with a salute of seventeen guns. They took in all the scenery around Old Point before their departure.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, disapproves the use of pork, arguing that it produces scurvy, cancer, etc., and gives as proof to bear him out in his belief, the fact that the Hebrews who never eat pork, are free from such pests.

A delegation from the Indian Territory appeared before the House Committee on Territories Monday, against the bills providing for the organization of Oklahoma Territory. They argued that the bills were in violation of the laws of right secured to them by treaty.

Charles C. White, editor and proprietor of the *Flemingsburg Times-Democrat*, was adjudged insane Monday. He is thirty years of age, married, and has been a journalist for a number of years. No cause is assigned for the sudden giving away of his mind.

The following table shows the amount drawn by law, by Auditor Hewitt, for services, as specified, covering a period of four years:

As director of the Penitentiary	\$ 800 00
As director of the Court of Appeals and Superior Court	1,000 00
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Most of the commonwealth's newspapers speak glowingly of "Kentucky's future." Let's all give a long, strong pull, and make the future "Kentucky's present."—*Paducah Standard*.
That's what we are not to do. But as the little united enterprise on the part of people, is a necessary feature in producing the desired results. Whenever the people living in the borders of the commonwealth realize that what is needed for her to lead out, is a combined effort and an increased ambition, then you will see Kentucky come into notice and take the lead as a progressive State. We have all the fuel necessary if the fires will only be started, and add more fuel as the case demands. So here's our hand brother Leigh, and we will furnish some of the wind to keep the fires up to a white heat.

It is a good time to cheapen postage, never better. What we want is to lower the revenue and get rid of the surplus. The people will be unanimously in favor of a reduction in the way of cheaper postal facilities. One cent an ounce for letters is enough, all things considered. The end of the system should not be revenue, but spread of intelligence. One cent a pound for newspapers will exactly balance the scales in way of price. It must come to this, sooner or later, and the sooner the better. If the farmer can show good reason why seeds should travel in the mails at lower rates, let it be so. But it is high time that governmental expressions were separated from the postal service. They constitute two distinct lines of business. A pound of rosin, or tacks, or turpentine seed is not intelligence. Our postal service is at present a duplex affair—one half a merchandise express. The advisability of governmental express system is a separate question. Within limits the people would not be willing to let it drop.—*Globe Democrat*.

It is not necessary that legislation be resorted to in order to compel the Kentucky coal miners to send coal instead of slate and refuse to the markets of Tennessee, although a law should be made requiring all coal sent to the State for sale, to be coal instead of slate. It is an easy matter for the people to quit buying the products of Kentucky coal mines until their managers arrive at a sense of honor. Every consumer should see to it that no Kentucky coal be sent to his or her premises under any consideration until the amendment honorable is made, and such action on the part of the public would surely bring about the desired result. The Chronicle as an expounder of fair, honest dealing in every line of life, denounces the habit of the Kentucky coal mines in sending the refuse of their mines in their car loads of coal to the markets of Tennessee as swindlers of the first waters; that the public should put its very large foot upon, and squash out of existence. There is no excuse for patronizing a humbug, and there are no excuses for the newspapers in this State who fail to take up this matter and handle it without gloves.—*Clarksville Democrat*.

From the above article we would judge that the editor of the Chronicle has been buying coal from a dealer that does not take much pains with his customers. We would recommend a change of dealers, and, if that will not do, why just boycott, and order a car load of Pittsburgh coal.

LEGISLATIVE NEWS.

Several other bills of little importance have passed.

Two local bills, one incorporating the Old Fellow's Orphanage and another to incorporate the Home for aged and indigent women of Covington, were returned without the Governor's approval.

The bill introduced by Mr. Lettlerie incorporating the Louisville Reservoir and Clifton Street Railway, with amendments prohibiting the passage of freight cars over the proposed line, after much argument was passed.

The bill drafted by Mr. Wallace, providing for the picking up of waifs under sixteen years of age on the streets of Louisville and committing them to the proper charitable institutions, passed without opposition, on presentation.

A bill regulating the vote of ferryage on the Cumberland river has been presented and will likely pass without opposition, also one has been introduced fixing a fine of \$500 against any distiller, merchant or other person for selling liquor without license.

The following bills passed after being discussed pro and con: A bill incorporating the Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago Railway and one to amend the act regulating the sale of liquor in Henry county and including the town of Eminence.

The Judiciary Committee has heard the argument by Judge R. T. Petree and Hon. Jno. Feland, representing the Prohibition side of Christian county, as to the advisability of allowing another vote to be taken on the question in April next and the Anti side was set for a hearing yesterday.

A bill introduced to continue the salary of Judge Thompson who presides on the bench of the City Court of Louisville has been passed. Judge Thompson is in delicate health and is compelled to be absent from his official duties about two months in a year and the bill as passed allows him remuneration for the period of sickness as well as for the time he actually is on duty.

The following bills passed: To incorporate the Somerset Banking Company; to incorporate the Albany High School in Clinton County; to change the time of holding the Court of Claims; to amend the charter of the Northern Bank of Kentucky; to incorporate the town of Eden, in Martin County; to amend an act entitled "an act to regulate the sale of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in Henry county; to change the time of holding Quarterly Court in Lee county; to incorporate the Paris Street Railway Company and one to incorporate the Kentucky Hereford Cattle Association.

A bill asking the Legislature to declare the marriage of Joseph Farmer and Katie McCulloch binding and genuine and legitimizing their daughter Lizzie and granting her all the rights of their heir, was passed unanimously. It was a queer request of that body and came up this way. About fourteen years ago Farmer married in Montgomery county, Tennessee. A short time afterwards his wife becoming tired of him, sued for a divorce, he making no resistance. Later he moved to Mercer county and was there informed that his wife's petition had been granted and that he was legally divorced. He next moved to Taylor county, this State, and about three years ago married Miss McCulloch and they have a daughter, Lizzie, about a year old. It now appears that the aforesaid divorce was not granted until very recently which would make the latter marriage null and void unless declared binding by the Legislature, hence the singular proceedings.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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P. S.—Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cts. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

KELLY.

KELLY, Ky., Jan. 31.—We do not know which is the worst, ice or mud. Last week, and for two weeks before was what might be called falling weather, from the falls and tumbles we experienced and heard of.

Mr. F. W. Owen, Sr., has been quite sick, but is improving and will soon be out again.

Mr. John Rush, a foreman on the air line R. R. in Indiana, was here recently on a visit to his friend, Mr. B. J. Golden. Mr. Rush is a very sociable gentleman and a musician of no mean merit.

It was our privilege on last Sunday evening to hear some of the best violin music we ever heard, by Mr. G. C. Blatchford, of Creston. He is an artist.

No news, therefore we had better stop right now.
ROVER.

The Power of Woman Discussed.

PENNSBORO, KY., Jan. 24, '88.

MR. EDITOR:

As the awful curse of alcohol grows, that is, the quantity manufactured annually, doubles, because its consumption demands it, and the latter certainly is on the increase, notwithstanding prohibition, and as the writer has (though voting for prohibition) constantly contended that its abuse can never be lessened by legislation, and that there is but one hope of even abating the evil, and rescuing the comparative few; and that hope is education, moral suasion, the appeals of Christianity, and the church, by these agencies, a few of the millions who are almost hourly filling drunkard's graves, may be saved. I send you a small poem, though but a few lines, yet it speaks volumes, therefore being in verse, it is an eloquent poem.

Propos of the introductory paragraph, I will add, that there is still another mighty lever, and one perhaps more powerful than those mentioned, that might be brought to bear upon the strong holds of the poison venders, and the pride of their victims; the magic influence of woman; organized women; women who have the heroism to band themselves into organized societies. The principal clause in the constitution and by-laws of which, shall be an *immutable pledge*, not to receive attentions of any one of the opposite sex, old or young, rich or poor, who indulge in this hellish habit, or who gratify the appetite for stimulants to excess; and to refuse to recognize such as respectable members of society, regardless of their "wealth or position."

I notice that similar organizations are being formed in some parts of the country, by the young women, but the old, the matron, married and unmarried should unite with them. The mother should educate her daughter, and teach her by precept and example, from her early infancy, to abhor all forms of inebriety, both in man or woman, and that a life of celibacy, is much to be preferred to a union with any man who has a thirst for stimulants in any form, no matter what other qualities, of either head, heart, or purse, he may possess.

And in this age of enlightened progress, or progressive enlightenment, when woman is being educated, and is not only by public opinion, but by legislators and statesmen, and the professions in general, when she is no longer the helpless dependent upon man's labor for support, and is able by her own talent to earn independent bread; because, after trial, having shown to the world her ability to successfully compete with man in all of the professions, and many trades, and all occupations requiring light work. When she is admitted to many positions of trust that bravely a decade since man was only considered competent to fill. Therefore the field is open for her to compete with man for bread, and the privilege given her to render herself independent of her former lord and master.

Consequently should she conclude to form a partnership for life's journey, with one of these hereditary lords, let her emphasize her refusal, to form such partnership with one who is addicted to strong drink; and for the sake of her own happiness, and that of her posterity, never form such an union with the delusive hope—"I can and will reform him." "It is my special mission I am thus impressed," etc. Too many of her sisters have been wrecked, almost before they set sail on the voyage of married life, on this shoal of hope deferred.

But as the object of this communication was not a lecture on temperance or morality, but simply introductory to or for the purpose of presenting to your readers, a beautiful graphic, yet one inspiring description in verse, of the horrors that attend the inebriate. Of unusual interest because it was written, by one who has experienced them in his own person, but also one who is a genius of the "sunny south," and who is by birth a poet, for thus only are poets produced. He has written many poems and songs—sufficient to make a large volume, many of which would be creditable to Whittier, Longfellow or Tennyson. Yet he has never published a line, whether from fear of criticism, or perhaps because he is a slave to King Alcohol; and has experienced in all their hideousness the torments he so accurately depicts, I know not. The writer was an intimate friend of the real author of "Beautiful Snow" which is a picture with its moral of fallen woman, and a warning to her sisters. A poem as beautiful as any in the English language, and tho' so many attempts were made by literary thieves to rob him of authorship; yet I believe the entire world of literature, now awards the honor to its rightful owner as the product of his brain—Henry W. Faxon. The writer read the manuscript almost before the ink that penned it was dry, and knows whereof he speaks; and yet, in its line—the following description of a drunkard's life is a worthy companion to "Beautiful Snow." It is worthy of a Byron, who like its poor author, could, from personal experience, warble his warnings to his fellows in sweetest verse.

There are so many of the flowers of our young manhood, who are doomed to the same sad fate, and others who are, as yet, only on the edge of the abyss, that I hope all such of your readers, if any will read and re-read it carefully, for with every perusal, it discloses new beauties. Having often witnessed such pictures. I can truly say the description of the horrors of the subject of "Delirium Tre-

mens" is truly grand, graphic, and beautiful; and surely must awaken in the hearts of some, not yet entirely lost, a timely warning, and of all a feeling of sympathy for those so afflicted. God help them to reform before they become like my friend the genius of poetry—and yet irrevocably doomed.

"A Warning."

'Tis a small thing to thee, but I warn you beware,
Aye, rather go face the wild beast in his lair;
For by courage and tact, you may awe the fierce brute,
Much easier than drinking when once it takes root.
The passion for liquor, Oh! who can control;
When once it leads captive the mind and the soul!

The feverish thirst and longing desire,
Which feel as the vitals were burning with fire,
The craving man, I again thee warn, ere a day,
When the drunkard is from his potations away!
The nervous prostration, the shame which o'er-takes
The self-devised wretch, when conscience awakes,
Till urged on by the feeling, the thoughts and the pain,
He seeks in his cups, self-delusion again.
If sleep is vouchsafed by night on his bed,
His dreams of dreaded terror will enter his head;
But horror of horrors, the fruit of the sin,
When anguish and madness and delirium begin,
Unnam'd and unknown are the monsters he sees,
They roar as a lion, they buzz like the bees,
They crawl o'er his body and pinch him again,
Till he writhes in his anguish, and cries out in pain,
They mock, and they gibe, and they laugh at his ear,
Till the sweat rolls in streams, on end stand his hair,
The foul spirits of hell, in worst form they can take,
Conspire to torment him, and keep him awake.

For sleeps he none now, by day or by night,
But goaded by visions, and wild with fright,
And if not restrained, but few moments will take,
To end his existence in river or lake.

The hell that we read of surely must be
Like the hell in the thoughts of the mania-acute.

For no tongue can describe, though it moved
From as wind,
The utter despair that sits throned on the mind.
Young man, I again thee warn, ere a day,
Be not caught with passion, like a bird in the snare,
Though friends they may tempt thee, companions
Remember that misery comes in its trail.
It can do you no good, and it brings sure woe,
Is a cruel, relentless unmerciful foe.
If you have begun to take moderate drinks
Throw off the chain ere it hooks on the links,
Or you'll better have died the first hour of your birth,
For the life of a drunkard is a hell upon earth.
Yours—

Judge Thompson, of Louisville, fines every man for contempt of Court, who spits on the Court room floor.

George Ditto's interpretation of what home is without a mother, is a place where the girls can set up with their fellows until they hear the old man coming in the gate about midnight.

England sends her thorough-bred horses to Kentucky to be sold, it being the greatest horse market in the world.

A Warren County man, in attempting to rescue a pig from a sink-hole, fell in himself, and was imprisoned with the pig for several hours.

Twenty moonshiners were carried to the Louisville jail last week.

A farmer and his wife went into a dentist's.

"How much do you charge for filling teeth?" asked the farmer.

"From \$2 to \$5."

"An' how much for pullin'?"

"Fifty cents."

"Marier," he said, turning to his wife, "you'd better get it pulled."

At Broad Street Station—Rich, fussy old lady—"I guess I'm all right; gripsack, waterproof and bundle. Oh! where's my umbrella?" Porter—"Here it is, ma'am." Old lady—"And I've left nothing behind?" Porter—"No, ma'am, not even a quarter." Philadelphia Call.

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—25-45—



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H. G.—"That question is a chestnut. I've been asked it a hundred times (never answered it tho'). Put my theories into practice and instead of having one 'Gold' Shirt, you would have a dozen."

Dr. McG.—"By George! Henry, I'm with you." We will go to Mr. FRANKEL & SONS, The Old Reliable Sole Agents and Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

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